THE RED HOOK

A NEW BROOKLYN COMIC BY

DEAN HASPIEL

CHAPTER 14

SPLASH

A FAR CRY FROM MY SALAD DAYS FLOATING ON GONDOLAS IN VENICE...

...TO DOING THE BACKSTROKE IN THE RIVER SEINE ON A DARE.

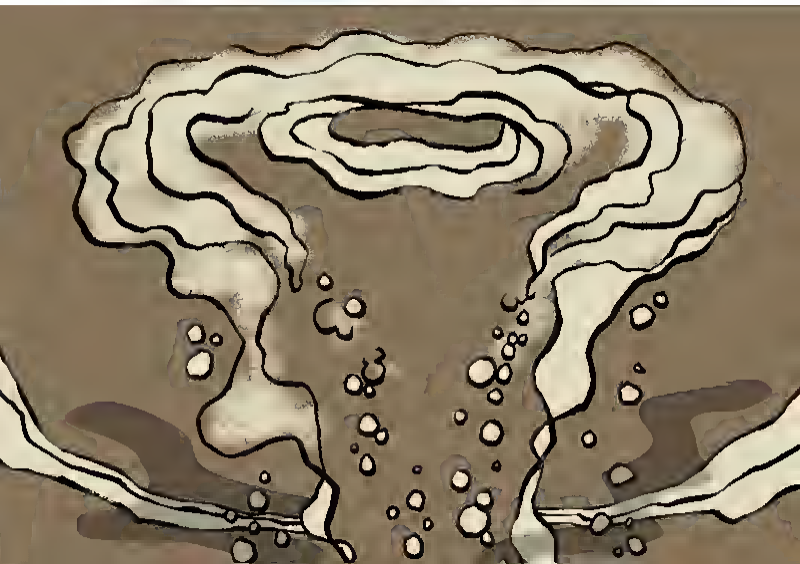
I NEVER THOUGHT MY LIFE WOULD END TRAPPED INSIDE A GIANT KILLER ROBOT...

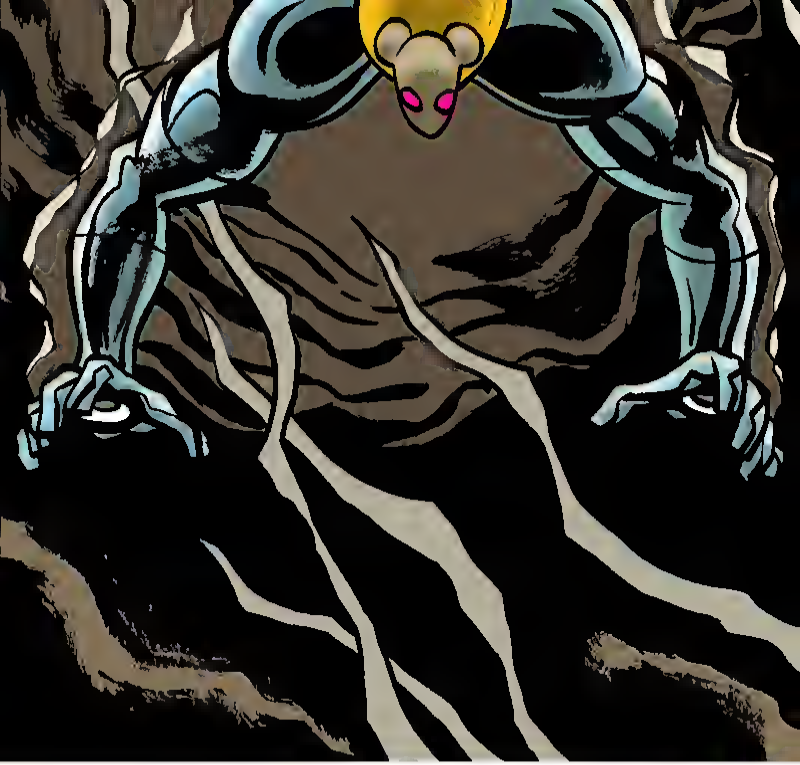
...DRINKING FETID WASTE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GOWANUS CANAL...

...LIKE A SQUAWKING CANARY WITH CONCRETE FEET.

GIVE ME A SECOND CHANCE, NEW BROOKLYN.

AND, I PROMISE TO SING LIKE A PROUD SIREN IN YOUR HONOR!





DROWNING IN THE GOWANUS CANAL IS A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

ONE IS LIABLE

THE ONLY WAY I CAN SAVE **THE POSSUM** IS IF I CAN LOCATE THE CONSOLE THAT **BENSON HURST** IS USING TO REMOTE CONTROL **THE IRON KNEE!**

WHERE IS A SAFE SPOT TO EMIT SPACE CONSTRAINED RADIO SIGNALS WHILE HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT?

HIT SWITCHES!
SNAP WIRES!

SOMETHING'S
GOTTA HOT WIRE THIS

METAL PRISON!

CALM
DOWN.

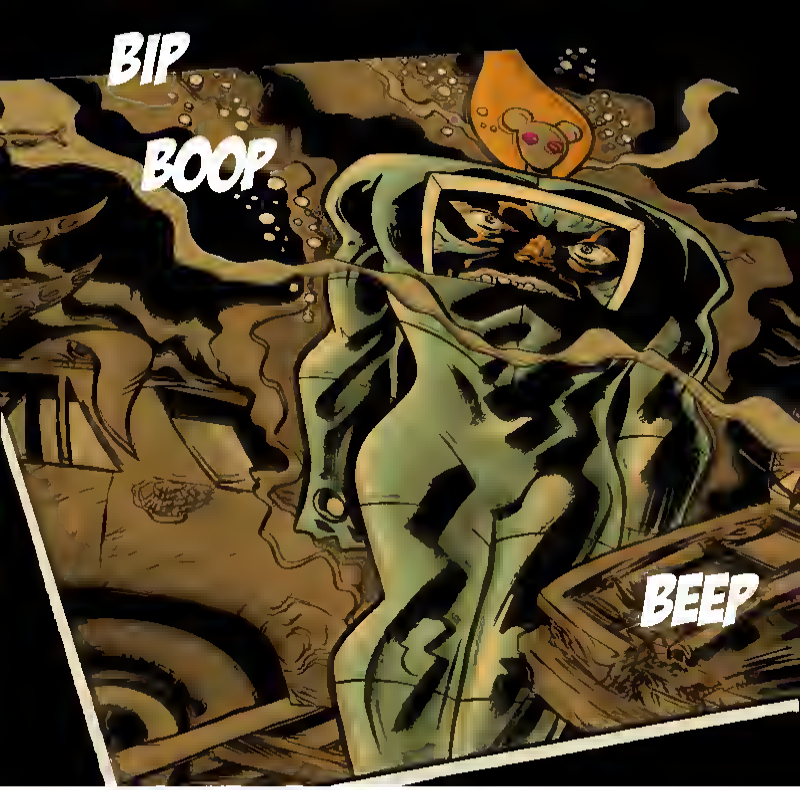
SLOW...
DOWN.

GLUG

IT'S GOING
TO BE OKAY.

GLUG-GLUG

IT'S. GOING.
TO. BE. OKAY.


BIP
BOOP
BEEP

ACCEPT YOUR FATE, POSSUM!

INHALE THE TOXIC TIDE OF NITRATES AND PATHOGENS AND NEVER AGAIN KNOW THE PRIVILEGE OF SPENDING A BORING EVENING AT HOME WITH YOUR LOVED ONES!
BIP

TO BE CONTINUED...